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44 MAR DIGITAL EDITION

# SPAWN



**image**<sup>®</sup> COMICS PRESENTS:

# "AVENGER"



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a special thanks to  
**BEAU SMITH**

### *Spawn #43 Summary:*

Detectives Burke and Williams, after extensive investigation of Chief of Police Banks, are on the verge of breaking the case wide open. Before they can put the last pieces of the puzzle together, Banks fires them. Now, their hands are forced to take drastic measures, and take his file public. Hearing of this, Wynn orders all support around Banks to be shut down to ensure that Banks will take the fall. When the newspaper hits the stands, Banks, with no one willing to help him out, crumbles under the pressure and takes his own life. Meanwhile, Spawn, slowly rejuvenates himself after surviving the Curse's experiments on him. Getting stronger every day, he recuperates in solitude as he gradually makes his way back to New York.

FOR IMAGE COMICS  
**LARRY MARDER** - exec. director

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"NOT RIGHT. IT'S NOT NATURAL. WE ALL KNOW IT."

"I'M JUST NOT AFRAID TO VOICE IT."

"SO YOU CAN ALL ROT HERE WHILE YOU AWAIT YOUR SELECTION, BUT I'M TIRED OF BEING WASTED HERE IN SECOND FLIGHT."

"IT'S TIME."

"THEY CAN THINK I'M QUESTIONING THE **POWER PROTOCOL** IF THEY WANT. BUT THIS IS ABOUT NATURE. KEEPING THINGS PURE."

"ANGELA'S FORGOTTEN THAT. SHE'S LOST HER FOCUS. THE SUPPOSED 'BEST OF THE BEST' PRIORITY FLIGHT A-1. WELL, NOT THE WAY I SEE IT."

"SHE'S FORFEITED HER POSITION BY COMMITTING HER SIN."



"HEAVEN DOES NOT  
TOLERATE HELL. EVIL  
MUST BE VANQUISHED."

"BUT NOW ANGELA  
WEARS HER TREASON  
LIKE A BADGE OF  
HONOR. WHY ELSE  
WOULD SHE HAVE  
GIVEN THE HELLSPOWN  
A CHANCE TO ESCAPE?\*  
SHE, MORE THAN ANY-  
ONE, KNOWS THE  
SACRED RULE."

"STILL, SHE CONSORTED  
WITH HIM. SHARED  
FLUIDS. IT WAS A CHOICE  
BEYOND IMAGINING."

"WHY WON'T THEY SEE  
THAT? WHILE I WAIT  
HERE AT 'THE GATE',  
SHE'S MOCKING THE  
LAWS."

\*ANGELA MINI-SERIES--TOM.



OH, DON'T GIVE  
ME THAT LOOK. I KNOW  
THIS WILL BE NON-SANCTIONED,  
BUT THE NEED IS CLEAR CUT  
AND YOU ALL KNOW IT. THIS IS  
ONE OF MALEBOLGIA'S  
SOUL SUCKERS WE'RE  
TALKING ABOUT.

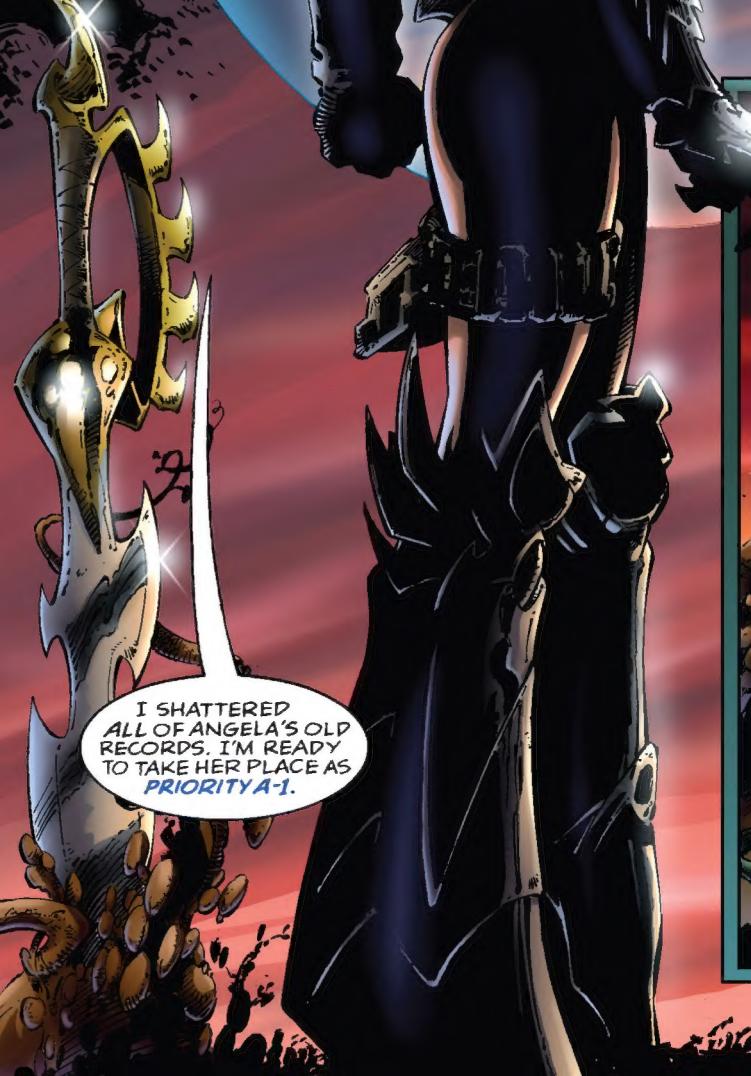
THAT'S ALL  
THE SANCTION I  
NEED.



THERE'VE NEVER BEEN SCORES HIGHER THAN MINE IN ANY OF THE FLIGHT LEVELS. I PEGGED THE METER IN ALL CATEGORIES. NO ONE ELSE WAS EVEN CLOSE.



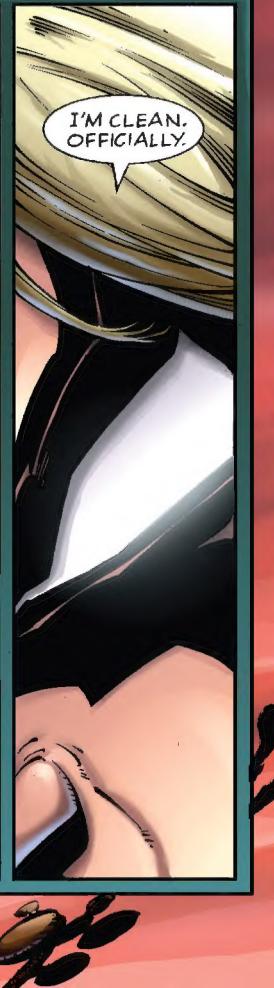
I JUST HAVE TO TAKE OUT THIS SPAWN. QUICKLY AND WITHOUT MERCY. THEN THE FLIGHT SUPERVISORS WILL SEE I'VE PROVEN MYSELF. THAT I SHOULD BE THE ONE.



I SHATTERED ALL OF ANGELA'S OLD RECORDS. I'M READY TO TAKE HER PLACE AS PRIORITY A-1.



AND IF YOU'RE THINKING IT'S TOO LATE, FORGET IT. THAT "ZEAL" INDICTMENT FROM PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING NEVER WENT ON MY PERMANENT RECORD. I RETAINED MY "SHIMMER."



I'M CLEAN. OFFICIALLY.

DUSK.

THE TRIUMPH OF  
DARKNESS OVER THE  
RETREATING LIGHT.  
THE PASSING OF LIGHT'S  
INFLUENCE OVER THE  
LAND. WHEN THE  
BALANCE BETWEEN  
GOOD AND EVIL BEGINS  
ITS SHIFT.





THUS DOES THE DARKNESS REPLENISH ITSELF... RECONCILING THE LIVING DEAD IN SOME BLASPHEMOUS PARODY OF PHOTOSYNTHESIS...

TRANSFORMING THE UNSETTLING INTO SOMETHING UNHOLY.



THE CREATURES  
OF THE DARK.  
A BLOOD MOON.  
THE SOIL ITSELF.  
ALL BRING FORTH  
THEIR DARK CACHE  
OF EVIL TO THE  
SUPPLICANT:  
A HELLSPAWN WEAKENED.

THEY MUST  
CONSERVE  
THE HOST  
BODY.

SHELTER IT. QUENCH  
ITS VILE THIRST BY  
STRENGTHENING THE  
SYMBIOTE.

WORMS. MAGGOTS.  
THE DREGS OF A  
DARK EARTH WHERE  
BONES AND BLOOD OF  
THE DEAD ENRICH  
THE HUNGRY DIRT.

A RIB-STICKING MEAL  
THAT WILL AGAIN  
ENMESH THE PROTEC-  
TIVE LAYER WITH ITS  
VESSEL.



THE DANK JUICES SLAKE  
THIS MACABRE THIRST,  
MOISTENING CRUSTY  
LAYERS DAMAGED BY  
THEIR RECENT RADICAL  
DISMEMBERMENT.

AND SO IT FEEDS, IN A  
DEMANDING RITUAL OF  
SLATHERING HELL-BLOOD  
SPILT CARESSINGLY UPON  
THIS UNIFORM OF  
DARKNESS...

...GASPING IN THE RUSH OF  
ITS HELLISH STIMULATION.

THE BODY CLIMAXES, THE  
ORGASMIC WRENCHING  
SHOOTING AGONY THROUGH  
ITS VIOLATED, SWADDLED  
TISSUES.

HE RECEIVES A  
CASCADE OF  
FLASHING  
MOMENTS.

CRIMES AGAINST  
THE HOT VESSEL  
ARE FLUSHED FROM  
MEMORY'S VOID...  
IMAGES OF A  
ROTTING BODY,  
WHERE ONCE  
DWELLED A  
HEART...

THE EXPERIMENT.  
THE EXTRACTION.  
THE PAIN.

ALL SPUN  
TOGETHER BY  
THE CURSE...

...IN A BIZARRE ATTEMPT  
TO RETRIEVE HIDDEN  
SECRETS THAT MIGHT  
ENDOW HIM WITH CON-  
TROL OVER EVIL.\*

HE PAID DEARLY  
FOR HIS VENTURE.

\*ISSUE 40 -- TOM.



FOR THE  
SECRETS  
ARE  
ETERNAL.



WE REACH  
FOR LUCID  
THOUGHTS. THOSE  
THAT WILL CALM  
US AND BRING  
COMFORT.



THEIR MEANING  
IS IMPOSSIBLE  
TO GRASP.



WANDA.

SIR, IT'S,  
UH...SOMEWHAT  
DARK.

YEAH.  
LEMME GET  
THE LIGHT  
HERE.

CHICK!

THANK  
YOU,  
SIR.

YEAH, SURE.  
Hmmm. Now  
WHERE DID I...  
Aww! THERE  
IT IS!

I'VE GOT  
SOME COLD  
LEFTOVER PIZZA,  
TWITCH. LOTS OF  
EXTRA TOPPINGS.  
CARE FOR A  
SLICE?

Umm...

NO THANKS,  
SIR. I'M... NOT  
MUCH FOR  
"EXTRA"  
TOPPINGS.

SUIT  
YOURSELF.

I SEE YOU'VE ADDED A FEW NEW TOUCHES TO THE PLACE.

CHOMP!  
YEAH. GLAD YA NOTICED. I'VE HAD SOME SPARE TIME SINCE BANKS FIRED US.

MAY HE ROT IN HELL.

STILL HAVEN'T TOLD YOUR WIFE YET, UH?

I CAN'T NOT YET. IT'D BREAK HER HEART. WHICH MAKES ALL THIS EVEN HARDER TO TAKE.

BANKS SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE FALL HIMSELF. THAT FILE SPAWN GAVE YOU INDICTED A SLEW OF OTHERS.

CHOMP! CHOMP!  
HORKIE THERE'S YOUR ANSWER.



IF WE GET SOME QUICK ANSWERS FROM HIM, THIS CASE WILL BUST WIDE OPEN.



HE REACHES IN  
DESPERATION  
FOR THOUGHTS  
TO SOOTHE HIS  
INNER AND  
OUTER  
ANGUISH.

BUT, AS IF  
REACTING  
TO HIS  
ERODED  
STATE,  
THEY  
SCATTER

CARRIED  
AWAY ON  
THE WINGS  
OF NIGHT.

HIS SACRIFICE WAS  
FOR LOVE. NOW THAT  
NOBILITY HAS BEEN  
TAKEN.

TWISTED.

MUTATED INTO A  
SICKENING JOKE  
OF CRUELTY AND  
PAIN. SEPARATING  
HIM EVEN FURTHER  
FROM THE ONE HE  
CAME BACK FOR.



REALITY...AND  
IT'S TOO  
BIZARRE TO  
BE ANYTHING  
BUT...

...REALITY THEN REARS  
ITS FUZZY HEAD.



6:8:0:1

IT DOES  
LAST  
LONG.

CAUGHT AGAIN IN  
THE MIDDLE OF  
SOME HELLISH  
FEEDING RITUAL,  
AL SIMMONS CAN  
FEEL A KINETIC  
FLOW FROM  
CREATURE TO  
COSTUME

A WAY FOR  
EACH HELL-  
SPAWN TO  
MAINTAIN ITS  
K-READINGS...

BLACK ENERGY  
TRANSFERRAL  
IS WHAT THE  
SPAWN HUNTING  
MANUAL LABELS  
IT.

A METHOD TO  
JUMP-START  
ITSELF WITH ITS  
ENVIRONMENT'S  
EVIL.

BUT THE LINK SHATTERS.  
THE GREAT BEAR SENSES  
A PRESENCE IN THE  
SHADOWS.

IT MOVES  
TOWARD THE  
INTRUDER.

YOU'LL DRAIN  
NO MORE STRENGTH  
FROM THIS BEAST,  
PARASITE!

BLOOD!



YOUR SYMBIOTE'S LEVELS ARE OBVIOUSLY EBBLING. THAT'S GOOD. PERFECT! THE HEAVENS ARE SMILING ON ME TO FIND YOU IN RECHARGE. THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG.

YOU SEE, HELL-SCUM, YOUR TOUCH HAS CONTAMINATED WHAT WAS ONCE PURE, SPOILING ONE WHO WAS DEVOTED TO GOOD. NOW SHE'S TAINTED. LIKE YOU. YOU'RE BOTH GOING TO BURN NOW. YOU AND YOUR ONCE HEAVENLY CONCUBINE... ANGELA!



ANGELA?



YOU I UNDERSTAND, WHY YOU SOIL THE GOOPNESS YOU TOUCH. YOUR MASTER LORDS OVER ALL HE CREATES. BUT ANGELA...

SHE HAS NO EXCUSE.

SHE KNOWS BETTER!



YOUR  
DEATH WILL  
GET ME INSIDE  
THE HOLY WALLS.

**PLASH**

SO YOU'RE  
SOME KIND OF  
ANGEL, IS THAT IT?  
LIKE ANGELA.  
WANTING A  
TROPHY FOR  
YOUR  
SHOWCASE.

WELL,  
SCREW  
YOU.

KEEP  
PUSHING, PLEASE.  
I'VE SEEN THE DAMAGE  
MY ARMOR CAN  
INFECT WHEN  
IT WANTS.

YOU  
JUST HAVE TO  
TRIGGER  
IT.

BRAVE TALK, OR  
MAYBE JUST A BLUFF?  
YOU'RE WEAK. WE  
BOTH KNOW THAT.  
YOUR SYMBIOTE'S  
NOT PREPARED.

I  
WONDER IF  
THIS IS HOW  
ANGELA  
CONQUERED  
SO MANY.



USING WEAK-KILLS  
TO PAD HER REPUTATION.  
I KNEW HER VICTORIES  
WERE OVERSTATED.



THE WEAK  
SLAYING THE  
WEAK.



NO  
WONDER YOU  
'FOUND' EACH  
OTHER.

YOU'RE BOTH  
ABOMINATIONS...



--WHOSE  
TRANSGRESSIONS  
**SCREAM FOR**  
UNHOLY  
PUNISHMENT.

# HEA AHHHHHEE-HEE-HA

I JUST  
LOVE

SOME ANGRY LITTLE VIXEN BEATIN' SIMMONS LIKE A MAGGOT-HEADED STEP CHILD.

HE'S TOO STUPID TO EVEN KNOW HOW SCREWED HE IS...

HEHHHEEE-HA-  
HARRRRHART

Hek-heh!  
...WITH HEAVEN SQUEEZING  
HIM ON ONE END AND  
HELL ON THE OTHER.  
VERY SOON, DEAR SPAWNIE, YOU'RE  
GONNA POP LIKE A  
PUS-FILLED  
CANKERING BOIL.

HARRAHHH!  
THIS IS FAR TOO GOOD!

# ELQUISS HARRASSHHH

IT'S GOTTA BE  
MY FRIGGIN'  
BIRTHDAY!

YEARRGH!

THIS IS  
BETTER THAN  
EATING BARBECUED  
CRIPPLES ON A  
CRUTCH!

VOOPGHH...  
Errr...

BUUURP!

YANK!

ISN'T  
THAT RIGHT,  
GUYS?

Ooh... THAT HIT THE  
BLACK SPOT. AND THE  
BEST PART ABOUT IT?  
OUR PAL AL HASN'T  
BEGUN TO FEEL THE  
CRAP I'M ABOUT  
TO HEAP ON HIM.

MATTER OF  
FACT, THEY'RE  
ALL A BUNCH OF  
BONEHEADS.

I'VE GOT WANDA,  
TERRY, GRANNIE ALL  
BY THE CHINNY-  
WYNN-  
WYNN!

JASON  
WYNN, MY BOY,  
YOU'RE DOING  
ME PROUD.

TIME TO  
CELEBRATE.  
I DESERVE A  
TREAT.

NOW  
WHERE CAN  
I FIND ME  
SOME  
PUPPIES TO  
KICK...?

IS IT  
SECONDS?

MINUTES?

HOURS?

REALITY HAS  
BLURRED.

AND THEN...  
AS HE  
REGAINS SOME  
FOCUS...





EMPIRE